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Dawn Dreaming.

CHARRED and withered, the cotton-wood
That stands in the open field alone,
Casts in morning's softened light
A black and twisted path of night,—
A shadow back from speeding darkness thrown.
It stretches over the meadows green—
Far over fields of dewy corn,
And wastes away in misty hills,
Till the sun is high and the sunlight fills
The nooks where the purple dusk is longest borne.
So does my thought out-wander far
And float along the gliding stream
Of days unborn;—seeing the fair
Castles of peace and quiet there,
Built firm within the pale of a golden dream.

E. J. M.

The Truth about Pontius Pilate.

REV. J. A. BURNS, C. S. C.

In his description of the Trial of Jesus, in the second volume of his *Life of Christ*, Père Didon, discussing the motives which influenced Pilate, says:

"It was no question of a popular revolt, but of the hatred, jealousy and intrigue of the Jewish authorities, who demanded from him the blood of Jesus. It was easy for him to suppress this sacerdotal authority, accustomed as it was to every complaisance and to all forms of servility. . . . He had, besides, no interest in condemning Jesus."

Farther on in the course of the same chapter he writes:

"Then Pilate, seeing that he did not succeed, and that the tumult only grew the greater, was

afraid. He had raised the storm, and now the storm terrified him. . . . He knew that this excitable people was capable of anything when their law was in question. . . . He showed himself weak, pusillanimous, cowardly, cruel."

These passages, it seems to me, are not in entire harmony, either with themselves, or with the clear and unimpeached testimony of historians of the time. The ripening of a mere sacerdotal intrigue, in the course of a few hours, into an incipient popular rebellion, however improbable under the circumstances, may yet be susceptible of ingenious explanation. But the characterization of Pilate as "weak, pusillanimous, cowardly," before an authority and a people whom he had hitherto held in the profoundest contempt, involves so large an assumption, and is so little sustained by fact or argument, that it may not unreasonably be regarded as beyond the bounds of legitimate hypothesis.

Far different was the view of his character taken by the early Christians. The Evangelists tell little of Pilate, beyond the mere fact of his reluctance to assume responsibility for the death of Christ. Notwithstanding this, the Apocryphal Acts and Gospels, the Catacombs, and the writings of the Fathers and Apologists afford ample evidence that the early Christians regarded him with no unfavorable eye. There is a striking instance of this in the apocryphal *Paradosis*. Pilate is represented as having been recalled to Rome, tried and condemned. When about to be executed, he calls upon the God he has crucified, and is heard. A voice from heaven assures him of pardon, declaring that his name shall be blessed forever among the nations, and that he shall appear glorious with Christ on the Last Day.* The early sculptors

* Apocryphal Gospels and Acts. *Paradosis-Pilati*.

in the Catacombs represent him as of kindly and compassionate features. The early Fathers interpreted him as a figure of the Gentile Church, and held him guiltless of the death of Christ. St. Jerome absolves him from the guilt of the unjust judgment on the plea of constraint,* and Tertullian goes so far as to say that at the time of the Sentence, he was already a Christian according to his light.† The Greek Church venerates his wife Procla as a saint, and Pilate himself has been canonized by the Copts. Dante put Caiaphas, Annas, and others of Pilate's contemporaries in his *Inferno*, but found no place for Pilate.

And yet, if two of the most respectable writers of antiquity may be relied upon, neither of these views can be correct. Pilate was neither saint nor coward, but a bold, ambitious, daring Roman politician, caring little for truth and righteousness, an imperious and oppressive, though able and, on the whole, successful ruler, during a decade of years, of one of the most turbulent provinces of the Empire. Before presenting the evidence for this view, it will be proper to say a word of the authorities to be quoted.

Josephus, the prince of Jewish historians, was born in the year 39 A. D., not long after Pilate's recall to Rome. His great work, "The Antiquities of the Jews," covers the entire period from Abraham to the last Jewish revolt, and is universally regarded as one of the most trustworthy and valuable records of antiquity.

Philo was a Jewish philosopher, contemporary with Pilate, and flourished in Alexandria. Not long after the Procurator's recall, Philo headed an embassy to the Emperor Caius, in behalf of the Alexandrian Jews. The account of this embassy, written under the title, "On the Virtues and Office of Ambassadors," is his most important contribution to history. Modern historians of the Roman Empire have found in it a storehouse of the most interesting and valuable details. Embodied in it is a letter represented as addressed by Agrippa, King of the Jews, to Caius. This letter recounts at some length the treatment and behavior of the Jews under the Imperial Government, and contains one of the only three references to Pilate in contemporary secular history.‡

According to the best authorities, Pilate was Governor of Judea in the interval between the years 26 and 37 of the Christian era. His

appointment during the ascendancy of Sejanus, and the harmony of his whole course of conduct in Judea with the known sentiments of Sejanus, make it appear probable that that crafty minister, who was a bitter enemy of the Jews, was responsible for his selection. His first act as Governor was the act of a bold and audacious man, and an attentive consideration of its significance, in the light of the circumstances, should have absolved his character forever from the charge of timidity and cowardice.

Josephus relates the incident thus. On the standard of each Roman cohort there was an image of the Emperor reigning. The Romans knew well the abhorrence of the Jews for iconism, and former procurators, in entering Jerusalem, had been magnanimous or prudent enough to enter with imageless ensigns. Not so, however, with Pilate. Of the 3000 soldiers at his command, he sent a large detachment to re-enforce the cohort in Jerusalem, forbidding, at the same time, the customary removal of images from their banners. Whether by accident or design, the entrance was made by night, and the innovation at the time unperceived. But next day the event became known, and filled the citizens with anger and dismay. An excited multitude rushed off to Cæsarea, the seat of the provincial government, and during six whole days, according to the historian, stormed round the Procurator's palace. On the sixth day, Pilate concealed armed bands about the entrance and, when the Jews gathered as usual, gave the signal to the soldiers to surround them, and threatened them with instant death in the event of their refusal to depart. But they, far from giving way, cast themselves on the ground, bared their throats, and declared their willingness to die rather than permit a violation of their laws. Amazed by so much stubbornness, Pilate permitted himself, apparently, to be conquered, and ordered the offensive images to be removed from the Holy City.*

The second event of his administration was one which stirred even more profoundly the depths of Jewish fanaticism, and which, but for the promptness and vigor of his action, might have seriously disturbed the peace of the province. It seems that Pilate built an aqueduct to supply Jerusalem with a better and more abundant supply of water. The source of the stream was a considerable distance away, and the work involved a large and perhaps unexpected expense. To meet this, he seized upon

* In *Evang. Matt.*, lib. iv., c. 27.

† "Jam pro conscientia sua Christianum."

‡ The third is found in Tacitus, and consists of a mere mention of his appointment to the procuratorship.

* Josephus. *Antiquities of the Jews*. B. xviii., c. 3.

the Carbona, or sacred money contributed by the Jews the world over for the service of the Temple. Crassus had done the same before him; but Crassus, at the head of a powerful army, was in a different position from Pilate's, he being in command of only a few cohorts. The deed evoked a furious storm of popular feeling. An insurrectionary multitude of "many ten thousands" surrounded the Governor's palace in Jerusalem, and angrily demanded the cessation of the sacrilegious attempt. Far from being terrified by the tumult, Pilate conceived and carried out a measure that was as decisive as it was brilliant and daring. Arming his soldiers with clubs and causing them to conceal, under the dress of private citizens, their more formidable weapons, he scattered them through the multitude, with orders, at a given signal, to disperse the rebellious by blows. The sequel is best narrated in the words of Josephus himself:

"So he himself bid the Jews go away; but they boldly casting reproaches upon him, he gave the soldiers that signal which had been before agreed upon, who laid upon them much greater blows than Pilate had commanded them, and equally punished those that were tumultuous and those that were not, nor did they spare them in the least; and since the people were unarmed, and were caught by men prepared for what they were about, there were a great number of them slain by this means, and others of them ran away wounded, and thus an end was put to this sedition."*

It was probably in the latter part of his administration that the incident related by Philo occurred.† It appears that Pilate had set up some bronze tablets, in honor of Tiberius, in the Governor's palace in Jerusalem. Nothing was written on them but the name of the Emperor and that of the one who had dedicated them. Cæsar worship, however, had become general throughout the empire, and it was, doubtless, under the belief that they were objects of idolatrous worship that they excited the indignation of the Jews. A deputation, made up of the most distinguished of the magistrates and nobles, waited upon Pilate to petition for the removal of the tablets. The account of what followed is interesting.‡

* Antiquities of the Jews, c. iii., 2.

† Shurer. History of the Jews.

‡ The evident likeness in outline between this incident and the affair of the ensigns, related by Josephus, has led some historians to regard them as but different accounts of the same event. Whether it be genuine or not, the incident is important as affording evidence of the writer's opinion of Pilate.

"But when he steadfastly refused this petition (for he was a man of very inflexible disposition and very merciless as well as very obstinate) they cried out: 'Do not cause a sedition; do not make war upon us. . . . Tiberius is not desirous that any of our laws or customs shall be abolished. And if you yourself say that he is, show either some command from him or some letter, or something of the kind, that we, who have been sent to you as ambassadors, may cease to trouble you and may address our supplications to your master.'

"But this last sentence exasperated him in the greatest possible degree, as he feared lest they might really go on an embassy to the Emperor, and might impeach him with respect to other particulars of his government, in respect of his corruption and his acts of insolence, and his rapine, and his habit of insulting people, and his cruelty, and his continual murders of people untried and uncondemned, and his never-ending, and gratuitous, and most grievous inhumanity. Therefore, being exceedingly angry, and being at all times a man of most ferocious passions, he was in great perplexity. . . . And those who were in power in our nation, seeing this, and perceiving that he was inclined to change his mind as to what he had done, but that he was not willing to be thought to do so, wrote a most supplicatory letter to Tiberius. And he, when he had read it, what did he say of Pilate, and what threats did he utter against him!"*

Tiberius, always anxious to conciliate his provincial subjects, bitterly rebuked Pilate, and commanded him to remove the obnoxious tablets from Jerusalem to Cæsarea. Pilate obeyed; but it was not long until his feeling against the nation burst out into fresh violence and cruelty.

Mt. Gerizim, the Mt. Sion of the Samaritans, was situated in the heart of Samaria, some thirty miles north of Jerusalem. Popular tradition had it that the ark and other sacred vessels had once been hidden there, and it had long been venerated by the Samaritans as the "most holy of mountains." Sometime in the year 36 or 37, a prophet appeared who promised, on a fixed day, to uncover these sacred relics. The curiosity and superstition of the nation were aroused, and on the day set an immense concourse of people, of every class, gathered at the mountain. Who this impostor was, or what his real intentions may have been, Josephus has not told us; but, in view of the issue, his statement

* Philo. On the Virtues and Office of Ambassadors.

that the multitude came armed is significant. It is quite possible that the pretext of a religious assembly may have been employed by some daring patriot, impatient of the Roman yoke, to mask deep and rebellious designs. Whatever its ultimate purpose, time was not given the movement to develop. Pilate's dispositions were prompt, bloody and decisive. A strong body of troops was posted upon the mountain; and another in the rear of the multitude encamped at its base. The Samaritans were surrounded, and on attempting to advance, were attacked and cut to pieces. The news of the affair aroused intense excitement in Samaria, and the event proved fatal to the fortunes of Pilate. An embassy was dispatched at once to Vitellius, the President of Syria. The gathering at the mountain was represented as a purely religious one; and Pilate was charged with cruel and wanton massacre. Vitellius sent a friend to take charge of Judea, and ordered the Governor to prepare to answer his accusers in Rome.

When he arrived at Rome, Tiberius was no more, and Caius reigned in his stead. Nevertheless, Pilate was tried, condemned, and, according to Eusebius, banished to Vienne in Gaul. His banishment closed the last act of his public career, and with it he disappeared forever from the theatre of historical events.

Such, in brief, is the historical evidence bearing on the character of Pontius Pilate. It turns chiefly about four great events in his career—events, one might well think, of such a nature, and clothed with such a wealth of historic detail, as to convey a clear and striking outline of his character. If this outline be correct, if the historical testimony adduced may be relied upon (and it has not, so far as I know, been seriously impeached), then the most commonly accepted view of him and of his master-motive in condemning Christ—a view with which I have prefaced my sketch—cannot be true. It is impossible to believe that the man who dispersed the mob in the affair of the Carbona; could have been moved, through fear of a sedition, to the condemnation of Christ.

But, it may be asked, what motive, then, could have influenced him in his condemnation of Christ? What impelled him to yield, in spite of his evident reluctance? A careful consideration of the incident of the Votive Tablets, will, I think, suggest the answer to this question. What more likely than that Pilate, alarmed by that letter of the Emperor's and the memory of past misdeeds, should have been influenced by

fear of the effect of the threatened charge of treason? "If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend." To deliver up Christ to the Jews meant to assuage their bitterness against himself, stave off complaint at Rome, and so prolong indefinitely his commission. Such a hypothesis alone is in accord with the testimony of Josephus and Philo. It is in no less perfect harmony with the narratives of the Evangelists. It strips the character of Pilate of the fable and fiction that the ages have woven round it, and leaves it, cleared of all misconception, consistent and intelligible.—*The Reading Circle Review*.

A Psychological Football Player.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

It was a stormy evening four weeks before Thanksgiving. The second eleven had given the Varsity a snappy practice game in the afternoon, and as I had been allowed to play with the second eleven, I was rather tired. I was seated cosily in my easy-chair reading "Mr. Toppleton's Client," by John Kendrick Bangs, when I heard a knock at my door. I called out, "Come in," without turning. The door opened slowly and shut, but I heard no one come in. I glanced around in surprise, and there stood an elderly gentleman dressed entirely in black and looking very much like a physician. He had a grey beard and his hair was almost white. In one hand he carried a battered felt hat and in the other he held a surgical-instrument case.

"Good evening, sir," he said, speaking with a slight German accent. "A pleasant evening, isn't it?"

It wasn't, but for politeness' sake I answered in the affirmative. I offered him a chair, and waited to hear the object of his visit.

"I am Dr. Kemp, of Berlin," he went on, "and I wish to consult you on a little professional business."

"I am at your service," I replied, wondering what business he could have with me.

"I hardly know how to explain myself," he began nervously. "To begin with, I am a ghost."

I jumped from my chair in amazement, and a sudden chill flew up my spinal column.

"Don't be frightened, my dear sir," he quickly interposed; "I am not the least bit dangerous, I assure you."

I resumed my seat, but felt rather nervous.

However, I soon lost all fear, and felt perfectly comfortable in his presence.

"I was a specialist on the relations of psychology to physiology, while on earth, and when I entered the great unknown I naturally continued my investigations. I had long been seeking to find out why some men seemed fitted by nature to one avocation in life and some to another, and, my friend"—he leaned forward impressively and spoke in a whisper—"I have found it."

I congratulated him on his discovery, but wondered why he had come to tell me about it. He soon explained.

"I have discovered a certain invisible fluid in the human soul, and this fluid it is that makes each man what he is. It made Aristotle a philosopher, Judas a traitor and Charlemagne a great ruler. It will make you great, too, if you wish to be so honored. I know how to abstract this fluid from one soul and to infuse it into another. I have made a collection of specimens of it, and I have already portions of the souls of all the distinguished men who ever lived. Now I have come to you to get a portion of *your* psychological fluid."

"But why in the world do you want any of mine?" I exclaimed in amazement. "I am not noted for any extraordinary characteristic!"

"Ah! you are too modest, my dear sir. I shall tell you why I wish to place your soul-fluid in my collection. A few mornings ago I chanced to wander into Sorin Hall. I often find specimens where you would least expect to find them; but I searched in vain till I came to your room. You were sound asleep, and I stopped to look at your seraphic smile. As I looked upon you, a terrible rattling and hissing startled me nearly out of my boots. It was the steam coming into the pipes. I involuntarily turned to see if you were awake; you had not stirred. Such peaceful oblivion to noise aroused my curiosity, and I sat down to watch you. In a couple of minutes four alarm clocks went off in adjoining rooms, but you heard them not; at a quarter to six the electric light made your room bright as day, but you never even blinked; at six o'clock a frightful racket in the next room announced that your neighbor had arisen. He made noise enough to wake even me, although I have been dead fifty years; and, to cap the climax, he went out slamming the door so hard that it shook the whole building; but it did not shake you out of sleep. A terrible jangling in the lower part of the building told that the rising bell was coming. It went all through the building and

right past your door, but still you slumbered on; your alarm clock went off with a mighty whirr at six thirty, but it was not able to alarm you. I had begun to fear you were dead or in a trance, when suddenly the faint buzz of an electric gong came from a distant part of the hall. The effect was marvellous: at the first sound your eyes flew open; with a mighty bound you landed in the middle of the floor. Then followed such a lightning speed toilet that I could only stare in open-mouthed amazement. In four minutes and fifty-five seconds you were completely dressed. In four seconds more you had run down two long flight of stairs, and in just four minutes and fifty-nine seconds and a half you were in your accustomed place in the chapel. Such power of oblivion combined with such sudden energy would be worth a fortune to a policeman or night watchman. It would be an invaluable addition to any collection. Will you give me a part of it?"

"But how can you get it?" I asked. "Won't the taking of it injure me?"

"Not in the least," he answered. "I can take it, and you will never know the difference."

Here my American instincts were aroused, and I asked:

"But what will you give me for it? You can't expect me to part with so precious a faculty without some recompense." He turned and pointed to my football suit, and answered:

"Fame. I'll make you the greatest football player in the world."

"But how?" I was all eagerness now. He pulled from his pocket a medicine case and took out two small vials.

"In this," he said holding up one, "is the strength and agility of Sampson, and here is the strategy of Napoleon. If these are but infused into your soul glory will be yours. I'll give you these in exchange for a specimen from your soul. Is it a bargain?"

I was stunned by his proposition, and could not answer.

"Take your time about it," he said, "I am in no hurry. I'll let you take these samples for three or four weeks and you can try them. If you want to trade then, well and good, if not, why that's the end of it. How does that strike you?"

"Just right," I answered; "but remember I make no promises."

"That's all right," he replied, and passing his hand swiftly before my eyes, he sent me into a deep sleep.

When I awoke the next morning I thought

it was all a dream, and I soon forgot all about it. That afternoon I played guard for the second eleven. After the kick-off, the Varsity got the ball, and tried to send their full-back between our centre and myself. The opposing guard, who usually handled me as he pleased, tried to make a hole by pushing me out of the way. I put forth all my strength to resist him, and to my surprise I not only held him, but when the full-back struck him I did not let him budge, and even began to push back the whole crowd that had now joined in to push the full-back through. We stopped them with a loss, for them, of two yards. Everyone was astonished, and I most of all. I could not account for it till I suddenly remembered the promise of Dr. Kemp. It had not been a dream, and the strength of Sampson was mine. The next time the ball was snapped, I broke through the line, and tackled the half-back before he had the ball safely in his hands. The same thing was repeated, and we got the ball. I was called back to buck the line and I did it. I ploughed through that line as easily as I would have gone through tissue-paper. I plunged up the field with two men trying to hold me back; another jumped on me, and another, but still I went on. I made fifteen yards, and then some one fell beneath my feet and I went down.

The other players and all the onlookers gazed at me in amazement. They could not understand it, and neither could I. I kept up my rapid pace all during the practice, and when it was over I was the wonder of the hour. It was the same thing over again the next day, and before the second day's practice was over I had been given a place on the Varsity.

Soon the strategetic soul of Napoleon began to get in its work. I invented new plays and arranged all the details for their successful issue; I gave these to the coach and explained them to him. He grew enthusiastic over them, and put them into practice at once. The result was that the science of football was revolutionized, and our team became the strongest in the West. The following Thursday we played a team that had announced in their schedule that this was to be but a practice game. We gave them all the practice they wanted, and defeated them by a score of thirty to nothing. My deeds of strength were the features of the game. The following Saturday another strong team fell before our victorious prowess. The papers were full of accounts of our team, and even published our picture with a biography of each man. Chal-

lenges came thick and fast, but we played only the strongest teams. Such crowds came to the games that the tired and anxious look on the manager's face disappeared, and he was even seen to smile occasionally. We defeated every team we met, and our fame and glory spread throughout the land.

At first all this glory was pleasant enough; but soon I began to feel mean about it. Here I was using Sampson's strength and Napoleon's genius to obtain fame for myself. It was a bare-faced robbery, and my conscience began to trouble me. The guilt edge began to wear off of my joy, and I did not feel very proud of the deception I was practising. I had not fully made up my mind about the trade yet, and I kept putting off my decision as long as possible. Another element came in to perplex me all the more. With Napoleon's genius I had also received his ambition, and it began to grow very strong within me, and urged me to make the trade. It was hard to decide what to do, and, as my time would not be up until Thanksgiving, I put off my decision until then. . . .

The last great game of the season was to be played on Thanksgiving. The strongest team in the East had cancelled its regular Thanksgiving game in order to play us. Our grounds were entirely too small to accommodate the expected crowd, so the game was to be played in Chicago.

The morning of the game, Dr. Kemp appeared to me dressed as he had been on his previous visit.

"Your time is up," he said. "Have you decided to trade?"

"I have not quite decided yet," I answered. "Give me till this afternoon."

"All right," he replied. "I'll be back at just half-past four this afternoon." So saying he disappeared and left me in perplexity; but I was too busy to think of anything but the game, so I forgot all about him and the proposed trade. At half-past two, the two teams lined up. The other team got the kick-off, and we stopped the ball and advanced it to our twenty-five yard line; then we played fast and furious, and in ten minutes we had scored a touch-down. We were poorer on the defensive than we were on the offensive, so when they secured the ball on a fumble, they were able to tie the score. The playing was terrific during the rest of the half, but neither side could score.

In the second half the playing was snappy and exciting. Neither side could make any large gains through the other's line or around

the ends. So much time had been taken out that at four twenty-five we still had five minutes to play. We moved slowly toward the other's goal. The excitement was intense. We could scarcely hear the signals, so great was the clamor. We were three yards from their goal. It was the third down with two yards to make. The time-keeper announced that we had half a minute to play. The noise ceased; everyone held their breath. I was called back to buck the line. Suddenly I saw a face just across the goal-line. It was Dr. Kemp's.

"Will you trade"? he yelled. I shook my head, and at that instant the ball was snapped, and I struck the line with all my strength. I struggled through and was almost over the line when the angry countenance of Dr. Kemp appeared amidst the struggling mass. He raised his fist and struck at me. At that instant, I gave a lurch forward; something struck me, and I knew no more. . . . The gentleman who rooms beneath me says that I fell out of bed; but I didn't; I only fell of my chair. I am used to such accidents, though, so it did not hurt me. What I am worrying over is the question: Did I make that touch-down or not?

Varsity Verse.

A LAMENT.

DAME Nature sheds her summer garments gay
And robes herself in garb of mournful hue,
For cruel rime is breathing death anew,
And slain are pretty ones in dolorous way.
The lonely oak is sad; his leaves decay,—
A withered heap of death, the cold winds strew
Them all the nooks and winding hollows through.
Dame Nature sheds her summer garments gay,
And robes herself in garb of mournful hue.

The sweet-tongued robin and the throstle, too,
The whip-poor-will's clear tone, at close of day,
Are heard no more. The sky once blue is grey;
And fall is come; all beauty now must rue;
Dame Nature sheds her summer garments gay.

W. B. G.

SLUMBER SONG.

Come long floods of liquid gold;
When the western sun is beaming;
And the autumn wheat-fields hold
In their hearts the mellow gleaming.
Sleep my babe, the day is old;
Droop your head in childish dreaming.

Now the sun has gone to rest;
Through the window dusk is creeping;
Stillness reigns from east to west;
Time my little one was sleeping.

E. J. M.

FUTURE FANCIES.

As time rolls on we oft shall see
Strange things brought back by memory;
The days when ghosts were wont at night
To haunt earth's dark nooks and to affright
The boys enjoying liberty.
At times, again, the bounds would be
Too near to suit our spirits free—
In skiving we still take delight,
As time rolls on.

Parades were formed so full of glee,
At midnight, but how suddenly
Dispersed, when in the dusky light
Appeared the Prefects. Oh! the sight,
Will be remembered tenderly,
As time rolls on.

G. F. P.

IN PACE.

No feats in quest,
For cycle shoes;
Their soles at rest,
No feats in quest;
'Tis for the best.
No brighter views,
No feats in quest,
For cycle shoes.

O. J. M.

THE UNNAMEABLE.

"Concitat calcaribus equum,"—LIVY.
When come the tests of knowledge—
Bi-monthly now they come—
A few there are in college
Who make their horses hum.

J. B.

The Children's Poet.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

For one who composed verse apparently as a pastime, Eugene Field's popularity is something marvellous. Not less so is the fact that very few of his verses possessed the true ring of poetry. Again his only means of reaching the people was through a local newspaper. And yet in the face of all this he attracted a circle of readers far wider than any contemporary poet except James Whitcomb Riley.

His reputation is a national one. This was shown immediately after his death. His life and verses were commented upon, not only by the leading dailies of the country, but even by the magazines; and although his chosen profession was journalism, yet it was but a minor consideration in the reviews written on his life-work. The "Children's Poet" he is styled, and the term is appropriate. For, excepting Riley, no other poet has produced better verse of a similar nature. Yet Field made no pretensions to being

a poet. If his verses pleased the little ones, he was satisfied with the success of his efforts. He knew better even than his critics that, for the most part, poetry was beyond the grasp of his expression. So instead of making burlesque attempts at the sublime, he confined himself to completing well what little his fertile ingenuity could express. This he did; and his influence, if he has exercised any, will reveal itself in the younger generation.

When twenty-one years of age, Field came into the inheritance of a large fortune. But he saw the end of it within two years, and not until it had vanished did he awake to the stern realities of life. At once he set about earning a livelihood, and to this end he chose journalism as a profession. For a fellow who all along had had an easy time of it, he showed remarkable energy, and he was not slow in proving his ability to write. From a reporter on the *St. Louis Journal*, he soon rose to the position of editor. He resigned this paper, however, to edit a daily in St. Joseph. Shortly after he resumed his former position on the *Journal*. All this time he was rapidly advancing in fame, and was even then recognized as one of the most clever journalists in the West. A second time he resigned the *Journal*, and went to Denver where he served in the editorial harness till '83. He then accepted a position on the staff of the *Chicago News* with which paper he was connected until his death.

As in the case of every newspaper man, certain incidents marked Field's rise in his profession. One that he often referred to with deep satisfaction was a great "scoop" he made on a rival paper, and the manner in which he related the circumstances of his triumph are rather amusing. This was his first achievement of any note. It gave him a high reputation among his fellow-journalists, and from an editor of local fame he soon gained prominence among the great journalists of the country.

In private life, Field appears to have been genial and open-hearted almost to excess—a philanthropist to the very core. He saw deeper than most men, and overlooked the failings of human nature. He seemed ever to preserve the same complacent exterior, and this in an editor is extremely rare. His friends were numerous and steadfast, which seems rather paradoxical to judge from the lives of most men. But Field had a winning way about him, and above all his sincerity was unquestionable. In this lay the secret of his personal popularity; for he looked upon friendship as a

sacred tie inspired by the best motives of the heart—a tie that should not be broken by an impassioned word or misplaced confidence.

Field's appearance was not very prepossessing. His long, lanky frame and attenuated features suggested the dyspeptic disposition of a Carlyle; but appearances were deceptive, as the man's actions constantly proved. He was anything but cynical, except, of course, when he was called upon to criticise some one in his editorials. All his asperity however, was relegated to the editorial sanctum, and was used only when necessary. But editorials can hardly be said to indicate a man's character; the style may, to a slight extent, but not the point of view from which they are written.

Thus Field proved himself a kind and trusty friend and an affectionate husband. But the most predominant trait in the man's character was his love for children. He seemed to understand their ways and feelings thoroughly. He portrayed life and its surroundings as they see it, and the impressions it leaves on their fanciful imaginations. And as they read his verses it seems as though they are conversing with one of themselves, for the diction he used is simple and at the same time expressive; so expressive, in fact, that not only children, but persons of all classes and ages can understand and appreciate the emotions he has so strikingly set forth.

Had Field confined his talents wholly to journalism his name would have passed away with his life, and no one would have been the wiser or better for his nobler sentiments unexpressed. He was probably not aware himself of the influence his verses exercised over the young. But ample testimony of it was given after his death; for if ever a death caused widespread regret it was Field's. No one knew his full worth until he was taken away, and then the sympathetic heart of a nation gave vent to its feelings in simultaneous expressions of grief.

Field's most popular production is "Little Boy Blue." It contains some beautifully tender passages, and is, perhaps, the best of its kind ever written. The diction is simple and clear. In fact, this is one of the chief characteristics of all Field's poems, but particularly so of this one. Another well-known poem is "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." The sentiment is humorous throughout. Andrew Lang, it is said, declared this to be one of the most perfect of children's verse he ever read. The rhythm suits the thought almost exactly,—so exactly that

ts artificial construction in no way blurs the beauty of the thought.

On the whole, Field's verses compare very favorably with Riley's childhood poems. But here comparison between the two poets ceases. Riley is more versatile and more polished. His poetical talents greatly overshadow those of Field; for the latter, after all, was just inside the door of poetry. Of course, the newspapers place him on a level with our more talented poets; but newspaper encomiums are not reliable criterions of merit. Field, however, fulfilled a great mission. The world fails to appreciate it, because his influence is for the most part imperceptible. One incident, however, will show how deeply his readers revered him.

It is related that a little girl—a street Arab, at that,—begged of a florist for one flower to lay upon the coffin of her benefactor. Strangely enough the favor was quite willingly granted. The poet was carried to his grave, and on his breast lay that white rose—as white as the dead hand that clasped it—the truest token of gratitude mortal man ever received. This is no mere bit of forced sentimentality. A man that possesses such magnetic influence over the hearts of children will not soon be forgotten.

We all know how readily young hearts receive impressions, and how long such impressions are retained. And everyone, I fancy, has some book or bit of verse that he cherishes reverently in his heart. Not because he knows the book to be a great work of art, or the few lines of verse real poetry, but through an instinctive reverence for the golden time of his life. It brings one back to the good old days before life had lost its poetry and before youth had staggered under the first hard blows of adversity.

Book Notes.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the Rev. James H. O'Donnell. New York: The Rosary Publication Co.

It seems that Father O'Donnell, of Waterown, Conn., has presented not only his parishioners, to whom the book is affectionately dedicated, but the public in general, with the results—and they are good results—of a self-imposed labor of love. A careful perusal of a few pages of this book is more than sufficient to impress the mind most favorably; the desire to read on grows stronger, and the interest keeps on increasing until the very end of the book is reached. By its catechetical form the book is well adapted for use in the class-room. The

answers are so clear and precise that they must impress themselves indelibly on the mind of the student. "Studies in the New Testament" should be used in every Catholic school as a sequel to Bible History, or concomitantly with it. Price, \$1.

PRACTICAL PROOFS OF CHEMICAL LAWS. By Vaughan Cornish, Owens College, Manchester. Longmans, Green & Co.

This suggestive little laboratory manual for students contains directions for performing a series of quantitative experiments on the chemical laws that lead up to the Atomic Theory. No elementary course in chemistry nowadays can be considered complete without a series of quantitative experiments. And when these are designed so as to bring home to the student the reality of great fundamental laws, like those of Definite and Multiple Proportions, their educational power becomes of the very highest order. In this lies the chief merit of the book. It is well worthy the attention of every teacher of chemistry.

—It is safe to say that nothing is more important in modern life, business and social, than the writing of letters. The stationery one uses, the form one adopts, the phrasing of every sentence, reveal, to the initiate, the character and the breeding of the writer. No one likes to receive a smudgy, soiled epistle, in a cheap envelope, with the address wandering, haphazard and irresolute, across the face; and half the sunshine is taken out of letters otherwise admirable, by the faint blue lines which many cling to. Character is revealed in every curve and angle of one's hand-writing, and, of all things, a letter is most personal.

Letter-writing is an art, and in her little book "A Lady and Her Letters," now in its second edition, Miss Katharine Eleanor Conway, whose name is a household-word wherever *The Pilot* is read and loved, has laid down in admirable fashion the principles that underlie it. The plan of Miss Conway's book is excellent; there are thirteen short chapters, essays in brief, on Business Letters, Courtesy and Kindness in Letters, Timely Correspondence, and the like, and the whole field of letter-writing is covered, and covered well. Every possible case almost is provided for, and the young woman—and the young man, too, for that matter—will find Miss Conway a safe and omniscient guide. Upon one thing, she insists, it seems to us, too strongly,—the use of plain white papers. The colored papers are pretty, usage sanctions them, and there is no reason why the blues and silver-greys that are so popular now should be condemned. The same is true of monograms, if they be not too ostentatious. "A Lady and Her Letters" is designed, of course, for our sisters; but food for thought and valuable suggestions may be found in this pleasant little volume by their brothers as well. (Boston. The *Pilot* Publishing Co. 1895).

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The Staff.

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JAMES BARRY,
ANDREW SAMMON, } *Reporters.*
JOHN F. FENNESSEY,

—The Light Artillery took the Varsity into camp in gallant fashion. It was no disgrace to lose to such a foe. With the cream of Indiana's football talent, reinforced by such men as Osgood, to battle against, it would have been more than wonderful if our team had won. Fate, too, was against us, for the slippery condition of the field put a premium on weight and individual playing, and the cannoneers had every advantage. Two fumbles, excusable of course, but costly, gave them the ball at critical moments, and if fortune ever frowned on the Gold and Blue, it was on Thursday last.

With everything against them—field, umpire and all—Notre Dame played a plucky and, at times, a remarkably brilliant game. Osgood, who has worn the colors of more club and college teams than any other man in America, and to whom Casper Whitney gave a place on the All America team of '94, made a brace of good runs, it is true, but he was tackled again and again behind his own line, and brought to earth without gaining a yard. If our offensive work was not so good, it was owing to the fact that the ground was too slippery for our interference to form. On the whole, Thursday's was the best game ever played on the Varsity gridiron, and there is glory even in our defeat.

St. Cecilia's Day.

—The St. Cecilians of '95 are more progressive and hospitable than were their brothers of the days that are called "good" and "old." They are more learned, too, and energetic, and they have the calendar of the Saints at their fingers' tips. When the feast of their Patroness drifted around—for it is only at college that the years truly drift—they determined to make the day memorable in the annals of the present scholastic year. And their efforts were not in vain; for their guests, last Wednesday evening, were many and well-chosen—the SCHOLASTIC Staff was there *en masse*—the addresses, the readings and the refreshments provided for the delectation of their guests were admirable and plentiful.

Half-past seven found the University parlors well filled with the *élite* of Carroll hall, the flower of Sorin and a goodly dozen of the members of the University Faculty, among them, the Very Reverend President, and his executive aids. The decorations were very pretty and effective, chrysanthemums and palms, with the society's white and crimson very much in evidence. Dainty programmes had been provided, and the following is a copy of the *menu* of this literary and dramatic feast:

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Piano Solo—"Marche des Troubadours," . . . F. Cornell
Address J. Fennessey
"How he Saved St. Michael's"—Declamation—Druiding
Mandolin Duet—"Lememia Waltz," Tuohy, Pendleton
"St. Cecilia"—An Original Story J. Shiels
"Bloomers in Jayville"—A Narrative E. Burke
Vocal Duet—"The Admiral," A. Schoenbein, F. Cornell

PART II.

"In the Tunnel"—A Reading J. Walsh
"Gape-Seed"—A Declamation A. Loomis
Violin Duet—A Rondeau A. Kasper, J. Naughton
"The Blacksmith of Ragenbach"—A Reading, T. Burns
"She Made a Mistake"—A Declamation—A. Schoenbein
"The Benediction"—A Declamation T. Lowery
Mandolin Duet—"Over the Wave," Tuohy, Pendleton

Mr. Cornell's piano solo was finely rendered, and Mr. Fennessey's address was a graceful bit of composition and delivery. He outlined, in a few words, the story of St. Cecilia's girlhood and marriage, the conversion of her husband, Valerian, and the life-work which was crowned with their martyrdom. Mr. Druiding's reading, "How He Saved St. Michael's," was, perhaps, the best of the declamations; though Messrs. Burke, Schoenbein and Lowery made very favorable impressions. Mr. Shiels had done a story for the occasion, a tale of artist-life, with a picture of St. Cecilia as the motive. It was clever and pretty, and was received with much clapping of hands. Of the musical numbers, Messrs. Tuohy and Pendleton's rendition of

the waltz "Lememia" was especially pleasing. They were accompanied, on the guitar, by Prof. Preston. Messrs. Schoenbein and Cornell made the hit of the evening with their character song, "The Admiral"; and the Philopatrians, who were among the guests, seemed to think it the greatest of hardships that *encores* were interdicted.

Then came refreshments, and the cheery hum of conversation filled the high-ceilinged room. Congratulations and good-nights followed, and the prettiest reception of the year was at an end. The St. Cecilians and their Rev. President deserve all praise for the admirable manner in which the programme was carried out. The one regret of all the guests was voiced by a Philopatrian when he murmured, "Too bad St. Cecilia wasn't twins."

Indianapolis Light Artillery, 18; Notre Dame, 0.

The story of Thursday's game may be told in a few words—we were simply out-classed. There is no denying the fact that the Light Artillery has a strong team, and to this alone can be attributed their well-earned victory. Were it not, however, for a few excusable fumbles on Notre Dame's part, and several other causes that were painfully obvious to all the spectators, the score would have undoubtedly been somewhat different; but they would hardly have changed the final result. The Artillery line averaged considerably more than ours, and the backs played with a vim and dash that proved them to be no beginners at the game. Their interference was exceptionally good, and repeatedly brought the runner around our ends for good gains. Through our line they met with equal success, and the advances, though not so large, were steady.

As for Notre Dame, her defeat can in no way be attributed to lack of energy. She played an excellent game from start to finish, and, as a rule, did good work on the defensive. Several times our players tackled the runners back of their own line which never failed to bring a shout of joy from the ever-hopeful rooter. Hadden's coaching was very evident throughout the entire game. In the second half, with the exception of the first five minutes' play, our boys in reality put up a better game than their opponents. The ball was mostly in the Indianapolis team's territory, and once it was only a question of five yards for a touch-down to Notre Dame's credit. Through a

misunderstood signal, the ball was lost on the fourth down, and from that time on it was pushed toward the centre of the field by the Light Artillery, and Notre Dame's chances of scoring were lost.

In his capacity as umpire, Mr. Somerville constantly covered himself with glory (?). The calm serenity with which he stood by and witnessed those off-side plays would make a professional safe-breaker blush for shame. He seemed to be totally ignorant of what he was there for, and the Light Artillery players were not slow to take advantage of his apparent lack of knowledge. Almost every play found several of them off-side, and the umpire was perfectly heedless of every protest.

The game opened with Notre Dame in possession of the east goal. Scott kicked off thirty-five yards to Hadden who brought the ball back fifteen yards. Brown went around the left for three, but on the next pass the ball was fumbled and lost by Notre Dame. Osgood went around the left end for three yards, and Patterson tried the right for five, an excellent tackle by Walsh preventing what seemed a much larger gain. Osgood tried the right end, but was pushed back five yards, but on the left end he succeeded in regaining the lost territory with three yards to spare. Walsh added another good tackle to his credit. Patterson gained ten around right and three through tackle. The two tackles and left were tried in succession for good gains, and on the next play Osgood went through for a touch-down. Scott kicked goal. Time, three minutes. Score, Indianapolis Light Artillery, 6; Notre Dame, 0.

Casey kicked forty-five yards to Patterson who returned ten. Somerville succeeded in circling the left end, and ran ninety yards for a touch-down. Scott kicked goal. Time, one minute. Score, Indianapolis L. A., 12; Notre Dame, 0. Casey again kicked forty-five yards, and the ball was fumbled, but the Light Artillery regained it. The right end yielded three yards to Patterson who made five through centre on the succeeding play. The right end yielded no gain, but Osgood circled the left for two. Scott punted twenty yards to Goeke who fumbled the ball, and it was captured by the Light Artillery. Somerville made two around the left and three through tackle, a moment later. Left end and right tackle gave way for good gains, while Scott pushed around the left end for eight. Patterson failed to gain at right end, Hadden making a good tackle. Osgood pounded the line for four, and Beyer found five

more in the same place. Small gains at left end followed. Patterson tried right end, but was downed by Murphy before he gained a foot. The left end was found no easier. Zeitler downing the runner without gain. The ball went to Notre Dame; Casey ploughed through the centre for eight, and Notre Dame was given five more on an off-side play. Hadden tried the centre for four, and Wheeler added another at right. Casey advanced one through tackle, and after an unsuccessful attempt by Brown, the ball went to the Light Artillery. The first pass was a fumble, and Hadden captured the ball. Casey tried the centre for two, and Hadden found three more at the same place. Zeitler tried the left end for five yards, and Casey pushed through the line for eight. Wheeler tried centre without effect, but Brown got five through right tackle. Time called with ball on Light Artillery's thirty-five yard line. Score, Indianapolis Light Artillery, 12; Notre Dame, 0.

SECOND HALF.

Casey kicked fifteen yards into Light Artillery's territory and the ball was returned five. Right end was tried for three yards and the left for one. Good gains around the ends followed. Osgood tried the right without success, but found five at left. A moment later he made a run of twenty-five around left end. Gains of two and three yards followed. The right end was tried without gain, but right tackle yielded four. Small gains followed, and Scott went through the line for a touch-down. He also kicked goal. Time, five minutes. Casey kicked off forty yards to Osgood who returned eight before he was tackled. Right end was tried with a loss of two yards, but the left yielded three. Scott kicked twenty yards to Goeke who returned two. Zeitler found four at left end, but Casey failed at centre. Wheeler circled the right end for four and the left was tried with a corresponding loss. Hadden went through the centre for five, and Brown found ten at the same place. Hadden failed to gain. Good gains by Brown and Wheeler followed, but after several fruitless attempts, Notre Dame lost the ball on downs. Light Artillery lost five at right end by Murphy's good tackle and with the same fate at left. Scott then kicked twenty yards to Goeke who ran out of bounds. After several small gains, Goeke punted twenty yards and out of bounds. Murphy fell on the ball. Here a discussion followed as to its possession; but after a short delay Notre Dame was yielded the point, and play was resumed. Goeke went through the centre for five, but Wheeler failed

at right end. Notre Dame lost the ball on Light Artillery's five-yard line. Osgood went through left tackle for five, and Patterson gained three more at right. Gains of three, five and two yards followed, when Osgood circled the left for fifteen. The ball was pushed steadily forward until it reached Notre Dame's thirty-yard line when time was called. Score, Light Artillery, 18; Notre Dame, 0.

NOTRE DAME	THE LINE-UP	I. L. A
Zeitler	R. E.	Somerville
McCarthy	R. T.	Joos, Capt.
Casey	R. G.	Rolsbeck
Gallagher	C.	Clemens
Cavanagh	L. G.	Johnson
Hadden	L. T.	Beyer
Murphy	L. E.	Owen
Walsh	Q.	Hall
Brown	R. H.	Osgood
Wheeler	L. H.	Patterson
Goeke	F. B.	Scott

Umpire, Somerville of Light Artillery; Referee, Brennan of Notre Dame; Linesmen, Bennett and Corby.

* * *

NOTRE DAME RESERVES, 46; LAPORTE H. S., O.

The "Reserves" won their spurs last Saturday, and now no one questions their ability to play football. In two short and snappy halves, they taught the light-weight rushers of Laporte High School that uniforms and self-confidence are not the only requisities of a winning eleven. It was a pretty spectacle from the Notre Dame point of view. Cavanagh simply snapped the ball, and the "Reserves" romped down the field for almost as many yards as they chose to take. Then, when the oval was within hailing distance of the goal, Chase and Corby, or one of the backs, would be given the ball, and he would go over in gallant fashion for another touch-down. Wallace would bring out the ball; Gibson would take a hitch in his trousers and send the ball between the posts, and some one on the side-lines would inquire in anxious and audible tones, "What's the matter with Gibby?" and the crowd would make answer, with joy in every syllable, "He's all right!"

That was the programme, at first; but touch-downs came so fast and furious that the Executive Committee found it necessary to appoint two men to keep count of them; and the crowd found that it was entirely unnecessary to insist that "Gibby" and the rest were all right—every one, the Highs included, seemed to accept it as a fact.

The game began at 2.40 and was ended at a regulation 2.04¼ clip. Laporte kicked off forty yards to Healy who made fifteen before

he was downed. Wensinger covered twenty-five Gibson twelve, and Chase and Corby made splendid gains through the line. Healy went over for the touch-down, and Gibson kicked goal. The second touch-down and the third and fourth and fifth were repetitions of the first, while Gibson missed two of the goals, making the score, at the end of the first half, 26 to 0.

The second-half was much the same, the "Reserves" making long runs around the ends and big gains through the line. Wallace made an especially pretty run on a kick-off, getting to centre before he went down. Four touch-downs were made before time was called, and the final score stood 46 to 0, the largest, we believe, ever made on our gridiron. Reed, of Laporte, and Chase, Corby and Wallace made some beautiful tackles, while the "Reserves" line was wellnigh impregnable.

THE LINE-UP.

NOTRE DAME		LAPORTE
Chase.....	Right End.....	Middleton
Taylor.....	Right Tackle.....	Stoddard
Eyanson.....	Right Guard.....	Carter
Cavanagh.....	Centre.....	Chaney
Nevius.....	Left Guard.....	Barber
Ducey.....	Left Tackle.....	Yore
Corby.....	Left End.....	Marston
Wallace.....	Quarter Back.....	Middleton
Gibson.....	Left Half.....	Storey
Wensinger.....	Right Half.....	Gaul
Healy.....	Full Back.....	Reed
Umpire, J. C. Travis; Referee, Hadden; Time-keeper and Linesman, Wile and Walsh.		

Exchanges.

We think the *Stylus* is in every way worthy of the high reputation that Boston College has secured for herself. It is agreeably distinguished from the usual character of college papers in spirit and in manner. There is thought worth reading, and correctness and taste in the clothing of it which make its pages profitable and interesting. Anyone who reads "Protect American Miracles" and "French Forms of Verse," or any of the other contributions, cannot help being pleased to see the literary grade reached by the students of the college.

Leaflets from Loreto has some entertaining articles and some also which might have been more entertaining. A few of the contributors have only to give their subjects some more thinking to produce compositions worthy of their powers. "Camping Out" and the "Legend

of the Shell" might be taken as samples of what should be done, and the *Leaflets* shall be worthy of Loreto. We were amused by the imagination that sees the newly-married Shakespeare writing mighty dramas at Stratford under the influence of the tender sympathy of his young bride.

Are the students of Heidelberg University still in their holidays? We have received the issues of the *Argus* for September and October, and there is nothing in either of them from the students.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* is full of weighty themes, fairly well grasped and unfolded. It would seem that there is a tendency among the students towards what is abstract and ethical, which, together with the strict moral atmosphere that surrounds their training, leads to handling subjects in a way that savors of the pulpit. There is also a carelessness as to syntax in the pages of the *Monthly*, necessitating a second reading of many of its sentences.

Personals.

—Mr. Eugene J. Caron, of Chicago, is visiting his nephew, Ivan R. Bergeron, of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. R. R. Coleman, of Phoenix, Arizona, visited his nephew, Fred B. Cary, of Carroll hall, during the past week.

—Mrs. E. B. Lichtenwalter, of Chicago, visited her son Arthur, of Carroll Hall, and her daughter, of St. Mary's Academy, during the past week.

—Mgr. Heenan, Vicar-General of Hamilton, Ontario, and Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, LL. D., of Kalamazoo, Mich., visited the University on Monday last. The Rev. gentlemen inspected the different halls and departments of the University, and seemed as much pleased with their visit as we were to have them with us.

—Rev. J. Carrier, C. S. C., St. Laurent College, Montreal, is about to build a new fire-proof observatory and museum at St. Laurent's. Through Father Carrier's untiring zeal the museum and library of that institution have become filled with rare and interesting curios, and all the best works in English and French literature; and all that is lacking is a suitable building to contain them. Father Carrier was the founder and first curator of the Notre Dame Museum, and it was due to him that it has been so successful. His many friends at the University wish him success in carrying out his new project.

—T. T. Ansberry, LL. B., '93, was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Defiance, Ohio, by a large majority. This, too, despite the fact that the Republicans swept the whole state, and that the Populists in Defiance joined forces with the Republicans. No stronger proof could be given of the esteem in which his fellow-citizens hold Mr. Ansberry. His election as Prosecuting Attorney of Defiance is but a stepping-stone to higher offices. He has a brilliant future in store for him.

—The *Catholic Record* of November the 14th makes the sad announcement of the death of Rev. Father Weinzoepfel, O. S. B., at St. Meinrad's Abbey, on Tuesday, November the 12th. Father Weinzoepfel was born at Ungesheim in Alsace, in 1813. He came to America in 1839, and in the following year he was ordained to the priesthood in the Cathedral of Vincennes, Ind. His early life was a most eventful one, and is closely connected with the history of Indiana. He was the victim of slander and persecution, but he proved himself guiltless of all charges brought against him. At one time he came to Notre Dame to enter the Order of the Holy Cross, but secular priests were scarce, and the bishop refused him the necessary permission, and recalled him to his secular duties, and it was while awaiting the bishop's permission, who was away in Europe, that he taught in the college for almost a year. After many years of active work, during which he did much for the good of the Church, he at last obtained permission to retire to St. Meinrad's Abbey, where he was professed in 1874, and where he peacefully departed this life and went to receive the reward he had so nobly won.

Local Items.

—The Cavalry gave a reception Thursday to the Light Artillery.

—Lost—A fountain pen. Finder, please return it to Carroll hall.

—And still the Anarchist shouts for reform and the Admiral cigarette.

—That ice-cream was delightful. Oh, that the weather had been a bit warmer!

—My dear friend, you can find out the height of a tree without climbing to the top.

—"Tennessee" will not believe that the snow-fall here during the winter averages ten feet.

—A series of hand-ball games have been arranged between Carroll and Brownson halls.

—Few newspaper men feel any responsibility in what they write on athletics—Casper W. Whitney in *Harper's Weekly*.

Our newspaper exchanges, please note.

—Pat tore his hair and ground his teeth with rage because some one knocked the cigarette out of his mouth, which, by the way, was the

only one in the house—the only cigarette, "don cher know."

—The decorations at the St. Cecilian's reception were the work of Bro. William. He also assisted in serving the refreshments, as only Bro. William can. The society returns thanks to him for his great kindness.

—Since the slight earthquake we had not long ago, it is said that the springs bear fruit again by sending water to fill the lakes that were sinking during summer. This can be noticed very well by comparing the height of the water in St. Joseph's now, with the height it was a month ago.

—It is here—"the beautiful snow." To stand at night at your window (have it closed!) and look over the lawn (if you have a front suite), clad in dazzling white (the lawn); and up at the million eyes that blink and beam with pleasure upon the scene below (the eyes are in the sky), must bring to your mind thoughts sublime (*vide* Hill's definition of the Sublime), which may find expression (the thoughts) in *Varsity Verse—q. v.*

—PHILODEMICS.—On Thursday evening the Philodemics met in the law-room and passed a delightful hour in discussing John Kendrick Bangs. Mr. J. W. Lantry read an interesting biography of the humorist, which showed diligent research and careful preparation, and Mr. A. H. Gaukler read a well-written criticism of Mr. Bang's stories. Selections from the humorist's works were also read by Mr. J. R. Rosenthal and Mr. D. P. Murphy.

—Great interest attaches to the concert to be given in Washington hall by the "Royal Bell Ringers" next Tuesday afternoon. The company rang a good programme here some years ago, to the delight of a large audience. Since then they have been giving concerts in all the large cities of Europe. Our lecture board has been trying for some time to secure them, and, now that it has succeeded, is congratulating itself in being able to put a first-class company with an international reputation before the University.

—The South Bend papers are delightfully inconsistent. If they discover the least partiality in our umpires, they immediately raise a howl of protest. But no matter what the opposing umpire may do, no matter how palpably unjust his rulings and conduct may be, they say not a word in condemnation. In last Thursday's game the umpire for Indianapolis, in the second half, allowed his men to play off-side as they pleased, notwithstanding the protests of the players, of the referee, and of the spectators. All this was not commented upon by the South Bend papers. Models of accuracy and fairness, these papers of South Bend? Well, hardly.

—While the nations of Europe are considering what punishment the "unspeakable Turk"

deserves, our man of meat has settled the vexing question to the satisfaction of all but the "turks." He gave it to them in the neck. One hundred and seventy have already fallen victims to his axe, and the same fate awaits more. While at his work of slaughter he was heard humming the refrain, "Give them the axe, the axe, the axe. Where? Right in the neck, in the neck, in the neck. There!" And at each "there" down came his battle-blade sure and swift, and another victim was added to the slain. The miserable "turk" gets no quarter here.

—A few weeks ago Northwestern wanted a game with us. At that time we did not have a coach, and we felt that we could not make any showing against the Evanston men. Now that our men are in condition and can put up a good game, we should like to meet them. Telegrams and letters have been passing between their manager and ours during the past week. They have decided to come, if we can assure them a large guarantee. A meeting of the Athletic Association was held yesterday evening to find out how many were willing to subscribe towards the guarantee. So many signified their willingness to contribute that a subscription list was immediately made out. The state of our funds will be made known to day.

ENGLISH.—The authentic list of books to be read by the class in Rhetoric this year is the following: Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University"; Barrett Wendell's "English Composition"; Richard Grant White's "Words and Their Uses," Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style," and C. A. Dana's "The Art of Newspaper Making." Examinations in these readings will be held two weeks before the final June examinations.—Dr. O'Malley has been lecturing during the week to the Criticism Class on the English Poets from Shakspeare to Pope. The verse received last week was pronounced creditable.—During the past week Dr. O'Malley lectured to the class of literature upon the subject of pastoral poetry. "A Day in Autumn" was announced as the subject of the next essay.

—In the last number of *Harper's Weekly*, Casper Whitney writes strongly against the professional spirit which has entered amateur athletics in the West. He supports his statements by an array of facts and figures truly startling. The Universities of Chicago, Minnesota, Michigan, and Northwestern are openly accused of playing professionals on their elevens of this year, and in some cases the amounts paid these pseudo-amateurs are enormous. The baseball business at Notre Dame last year was bad enough, but it failed to reach the depths that mark the level of the football traffic carried on by our neighbors. Up to last Thursday's game we played on our team, not only our own men, but men who had never

received a cent for football. It was only when Indianapolis put in Osgood and the other "cracks" that Hadden went into the game for us. The only defence we can offer for our action is that because of our weakness in the line, the men were in danger of being hurt, and therefore Hadden went in. Mr. Whitney is not quite clear in defining the danger that threatens amateur athletics by allowing *bona-fide* students, who are paying their college expenses from money received by playing on professional teams during vacation, to play on college teams. Certainly all will see the dishonesty of putting forth as college players men who not only are not students, but who are receiving pay for their services. But does a man cease to be an amateur in every kind of sport because he has received money as a recompense in one kind? Suppose a fond father were to have his two little sons race for a nickel, would that make them professionals? According to Casper Whitney it would. Mr. Whitney has said some very good things on the purity of athletics, but in his latest article he has gone too far.

—FOOTBALL.—The game last Saturday was one of the best conducted football contests ever seen on Brownson campus. It was begun on time, played without talk and without slugging, and was run through with snap and without delay. And the referee pleased the spectators and ran the game smoothly, by calling in a loud voice the downs and naming the possessors of the ball. With the exception of Eyanson, every member of the team had learned the rudiments of the game while he was in Carroll hall. Add to this the fact that Hadden coached them, and it is no wonder that the ex-Carroll eleven made such a score against La Porte. When not engaged with the Varsity the coach should devote attention to the Specials and Antis of Carroll hall. To train them means to form material for future Varsity teams. The material in Carroll hall at present is very good.—An eleven composed of men from Brownson and Sorin halls, who claim or wish to claim, Fort Wayne as their place of birth, lined up against the Carroll Specials on the 17th. The Fort Wayne men had the advantage of weight, but the Carrolls showed superior training. A goal kick from the field and a touch-down with goal brought the Carrolls eleven points; the Fort Wayne men scored a solitary touch-down with goal. It is rumored that this new team intends to play the Fort Wayne high school during the holidays. If this be so, the men should at once appoint a captain, learn to stop gabbling in the course of a game, and learn a little more about football.—The Carroll second eleven Antis were defeated on the 17th by a picked team captained by Wimberg. The score, 22 to 14.—The Carroll special football team have issued challenges to various teams. They are confident of success in all games.—We lost the game last Thursday because Indianapolis had

the better team; we failed to score because the Indianapolis umpire allowed his men to play off-side, and because Goeke was not given the ball oftener. Goeke is a ground gainer, and it seems strange that Hadden did not recognize this fact. The conduct of the umpire for Indianapolis was atrocious. Not once did he make his team suffer the penalty for off-side play, though he was standing ten feet from the left half-back and end when they ran behind the line before the ball was put in play. He was so manifestly dishonest that he should never be allowed to occupy a position of trust.

—For many years the Western States have writhed under the taunts of their Eastern sisters, who claim an immense superiority in every kind of culture. From no place have these gibes been more frequent than from New York, and to no place have they been more galling than to Notre Dame. Fired by the desire of showing the falsity of New York's accusations, the students of Sorin hall decided to give an equestrian exhibition which should so surpass the "Manhattan Horse Show," that our Eastern rival would be forced to bow her head and acknowledge her defeat. The scheme of a horse show met with hearty and universal approval, and was carefully fostered until Wednesday night, when it was brought to a successful and glorious termination. Sorin Hall smoking-room was chosen as the theatre in which to exhibit the University's blooded stock. Long before the opening of the exhibition an impatient crowd assembled and cheered each entry as he cantered into the enclosure. When the show finally opened at 7 o'clock it presented a sight which brought a thrill of joy to the heart of every horseman. Across the room was stretched a cord whereon rode a goodly herd of Hind's best literals, while on a table in the rear were placed scores of other horses of different breeds. Some of the exhibits were of a very unique character. The celebrated pacer Homer, the imported Irish steed, and Vergilius II., attracted a great deal of notice; but the entry which won most applause was Achilles, who rigged up with saddle and bridle, rode boldly on the cord. The programme of the "Show" was as follows: Opening address, Mr. Sherman Steele; awarding of premiums, Mr. Bryan. The prizes, a huge piece of cord, tied with a blue ribbon, were highly esteemed by their recipients, and the decisions gave universal satisfaction. After the awarding of premiums, Mr. Steele read a telegram from Com.-in-Chief Herman appointing Mr. Bryan, Maj.-General and Commander of Western Division. The appointment was confirmed by the members of the Ancient Order, and Mr. Bryan having thanked them for their kindness, the "Horse Show" closed amidst enthusiastic cheers. Taking all things together, the show was an immense success. There was a large and enthusiastic crowd, and all were pleased with the exhibition.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barry, Barrett, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Cavanaugh, Eyanson, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, Marr, McManus, McKee, McDonough, Pulskamp, Prichard, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Shannon, Sullivan, Slevin, Steele, Weaver, Wilson.

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ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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